

Personality

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Summary: Subtitled: Hot Sauce, Potions, and Black Lipstick. Snape makes everyone drink a personality changing elixer and everything is chaotic, and Ron doesn't know what's going on! Hermione is Pretty Woman, Harry is a thug, and all is not well. HILARIOUS!!!

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Personality

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Subtitled: Hot Sauce, Potions, and Black Lipstick

"Personality Altering Potions change the personality of someone to any random personality. It lasts until they realize what they have taken, or they realize what they once were. It's on page 243 of your textbooks. You may begin."

"It's too bad Ron is sick." Lavender sighed.

"Yeah, but I bet he's happy he got to miss Snape's class. Snape's acting strangely, though. Like he doesn't know what he should be acting like, you know?" Harry asked, adding 3 batwing bones to the murky elixir.

"Kind of. He's just is a bit mellow on the evilness." Hermione said.

"Too many personality altering fumes, if you ask me." Parvati said very seriously, filing down a bit of her nail.

"I suppose that may do something, but not this much" Hermione sighed.

They worked in silence, as everyone else did. The first to slice

through the it was Snape.

"Now, we'll just see how well each of you made it." He grinned evilly. "Each of you needs to drink a ladle full of it. You will be graded on how well it works."

Hermione started to object, but realizing it was no use, she banged a wooden ladle on the table in frustration, then wiping it off on her robes, Hermione spooned up the greenish murk and held her nose.

"You hab to do id too." She said, her nose still pinched.

"On my count." Harry assumed her position. "One, two, three." They chugged it all at once. Instead of going down to the stomach like a regular drink, it shot up into their head, and swirled around in their brains. Once the wave of dizziness was swept aside, Hermione sat up.

"How long does it take to work?" She asked loudly.

"Five minutes, then you will have no recollection of drinking it." He cackled.

Hermione looked around, standing up. Everyone was doing the same thing they had just done. Picking up her bags, she walked up the stone steps and outside to get some fresh air. It was nauseating in there.

She sat down on the floor against the wall, and rested her head on her knees. She hoped she wouldn't be too different!

\_But what if I'm awful! And I gallivant around stealing and-\_ She never got to finish the thought. She fell to the side, and after a period of thirty seconds, she stood up and stretched, turning her head from side to side and shaking off.

"What happened to me? Oh, these clothes are all wrong! I must go and change!" She said loudly, seeing if rolling up her robes was a possibility.

Harry was having similar symptoms. His eyes snapped open, and he sat up, dazed.

"What the-" He let fly a string of words that made some classmates freeze in shock.

"What happened to my threads? My homies ain't going to like me looking like I just flew out of Juvy Hall, would they?" He shook his head and while making his way outside.

Ron had just awoken in the Hospital Wing. After a more-than-thorough examination from Madame Pomfrey, he was allowed to go and see everyone at lunch.

Hermione had raced up to her dorm and changed. Seeing her lack of makeup, she used almost all of Parvati's, and spent 15 minutes looking through closets. Finding something "suitable", she bounced off to the Great Hall.

"Yo Ron! My homie! Dude, I thought you was stowed!" Harry said,

punching Ron's shoulder.

"I just got out of the infirmary a few minutes ago. Are you okay Harry? You're acting a bit strange." He looked over Harry's clothes, which were sagging baggy pants and a "Fubu" shirt.

"I'm chillin', Dude!" Harry sat down and reached for a breadstick.

At that moment, Hermione bounced into the Great Hall looking like a cross between a teenybopper and Pretty Woman. Ron's jaw dropped to the floor when she came in.

"Harry! Ron! Oh my gawd, this is Ga-RATE! You all look mah-velous!" She said in a heavy American accent.

Flying into the chair wildly yet still being able to not show under her skirt, she smacked her black shiny leather boots on the table, and brought them to the floor after a "look" from McGonagall.

"Yo Herm! My G-Homie! You never looked better." Harry greeted Hermione with a smile.

She readjusted the revealing tube top gracefully. "Thanks Hun!"

Ron stared in shock. Hermione had her hair in wild pigtails, and the tube top was just too much. He turned to his side.

"You know what's wrong with them?" Ron muttered to Dean Thomas, who was seated beside him.

"Who? The little lady and the ruffin' tuff cowboy? Them's just out of Charleston. Y'hear about them clothes they be wearin' out there? She must be one of them dancers I heard about. Being a sheriff, y'hear everything. These vittles are so dang good! This saloon is the best one I've ever been to" He drifted off and tucked a napkin in his collar.

Ron shook his head in disbelief. What was going on? He looked over to the other end of the table where Parvati was dressed all in black, and wore heavy black makeup, with black lipstick, nail polish, and everything. Lavender was wearing oddly colored clothing from the 60's, and was meditating, achieving a levitating height of 3 feet off the table.

"Aw Harry! You know you want a hot girl for a hot boy!" Hermione was now on Harry's lap, fluttering her eyelashes.

"In a minute. Go talk to that dude over there for now, I've got to strengthen up in case I get busted with the cops Oh my GAWD! There's one over there! I'm gonna get BUSTED Shoo', dawg" Harry exclaimed, pointinng at Dean Thomas. Hermione shrugged and bounced out of his chair and made her way over to the Slytherin table.

"DRACO sweetie pie honey bunches, you want some hot sauce?" Hermione squealed.

Draco looked at her in disgust. "Huh? Hot sauce? Go away, Mudblood."

"Aw, that's such a cutie pa-tootie name! Baby cakes, Hot Mudblood Sauce can make all your problems go away" She began a series of swinging hips, fluttering eyelashes, and licking lips.

"Yo, that's my G. You stay away, boy, or I'm gonna whoop your pansy butt!" Harry was once again in the picture.

"HARRY! You saved me from that awful boy! How could I ever repay you?"

They began to make out in an R rated kiss. Ron stared in shock.

"WHAT IS GOING ON?" He yelled, slamming his fist on the table. The entire school fell silent, all eyes on him. Even the teachers looked at him as if he were crazy.

"Don't you know?" McGonagall said, giving him her best "obvious" look.

"They're under the influence of a Personality Altering potion. Now that we've informed them of that, they'll return back to normal." McGonagall said, then turned to Flitwick. "I told you Harry and Hermione made a perfect couple!"

Everyone in Potion's class that morning fell over sideways. A few seconds later, everyone stood up, and stared in shock.

"MY CLOTHES! WHAT IS GOING ON?" Hermione screeched, trying to gracefully get off of Harry, whom she had fallen upon.

"Nothing, dear, nothing. Everyone go and change. You'll all be fine." McGonagall said, her eyes glimmering.

There was a mad stampede towards the exit. Five minutes later, Harry and Hermione merged, shaking their heads.

"What happened?" They said in unison.

"Nothing, it was Costume Luncheon, and you decided to dress up like Julia Roberts in Pretty Woman, that's all." Ro said.

"Oh. Why don't I remember" She drifted off, picking at a breadstick.

"Could you please pass the tobasco sauce?" Harry asked, pointing towards the little bottle. Ron burst into tears of laughter.

And that is the end of our tall tale. Or is it?

Epilogue:

"I'm shocked, Miss Granger." Snape said, holding back a cackle.

"I'm sorry?" She stammered, closing her textbook.

"You didn't realize, yesterday, that that was only half of the ingredients of the Personality Altering Potion." He grinned evilly.

"Pardon? Then why—" Hermione stuttered again, but was cut off.

"The other half was your own actions."

\* Hermione and Harry went off to become a couple. It was unknown to both of them why she got the nickname "Hot Girl" from him, but that's what he called her.

\* Ron burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter every time someone mentions "Tobasco" or "Hot Sauce".

\* Dean Thomas has become prefect, as a lawmaker was "his destiny".

\* Lavender was driven very hard away from Divination, and anything that had to do with recent history. The clothes she wore that day have been burned, and she faints whenever someone mentions "Peace" or "Free Love".

\* Parvati's new favorite color is black, yet she cannot understand how she ever achieved the "Smoky Eye" look that she had during lunch. It's quite a mystery to her.

\* Draco has never quite gotten over seeing Hermione in a tube top and a miniskirt, and is in rehab with a psychiatrist specializing in hormones and self esteem. His name happens to be Gilderoy, but we never investigated his last name.

A/N: So did you like it? No offense intended towards Goths, Hippies, or any of the personalities listed here. Also, Harry Potter and Co. belong to J. K. Rowling and Bloomsbury Press, not I. Julia Roberts belongs to herself. Pretty Woman is a movie, but it belongs to whomever produced/filmed it. Fubu is a company, belonging to itself. Is Tobasco Sauce a company? If so, it belongs to itself.

End  
file.